

Silver Lining

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Summary: Sunhild, a Bog Burglar Silversmith, travels to Berk to sell her wares. This choice will change her life forever as she experiences love, jealousy and an unhealthy dose of reckless behavior from the resident Hooligans. R&R. Rated T for mild language, a poor attempt at humor, and possible violence.

1. Chapter 1

****This is a story for a good friend of mine! Yes, it does have OC's! There will be no serious bashing of any characters and this story will be strictly T. I do not own anything that looks like it belongs to Dreamworks or Cressida Cowell. ****

****Enjoy!****

If Sunhild were the type of girl to dance like a loon on the deck of her tiny, ugly excuse for a Viking vessel she would have. As it were, she simply bounced loudly in her seat as the docks of Berk became visible through the heavy morning mist. Her excited movements jarred the pale, sheep-hide bag at her hip, producing a light clink as her wares shifted inside. Another animated fit brought forth a bubble of giddy chuckles.

Her excitement was not unwarranted. She had begged, pleaded, for quite a few years now to go and sell her silver trinkets on Berk (Or any island, really) but was steadfastly refused. Why her mentor was so adamant to keep her with the Bog Burglars was beyond her, but in the end she was thankful for it. She was able to improve in the years she was kept home and she realized that had she gone when she wanted to, she would have sold nothing.

Silver smithing* was a long and delicate craft to learn, after all. Plus she had only been nine the first time she demanded they allow her to leave.

So now, with Berk minutes away, Sunhild was understandably thrilled. She shivered, either from excitement or the chill of the creeping fog, and tugged her heavy fur vest tightly around her. It did not do her much good because it cut off just below the ribs and had no sleeves, leaving no comfort from the cold. She was used to colder climates however, so she merely rubbed her cheeks to get a bit more circulation into them before pulling her sorry imitation of a boat up alongside the dock.

Vikings, tall and lumbering, trampled about with no small amount of disorder, yelling this and that. Some stopped to give her curious looks but soon lost interest. Tiny Bog Burglars were hardly threatening, after all. Big-Boobied Bertha would have certainly given these men more pause but Sunhild was hardly Big-Boobied Bertha. Thank goodness for small comforts.

She hitched her bag more securely on her shoulder before marching off in search of Stoick the Vast, Chief of the Hairy Hooligan tribe and all around awesome guy. (In her opinion, at the very least.) She had met the man on one of his fleeting and few visits to the bog burglar island. Well 'met' was a strong word. It was more like the eavesdropping of a little girl on big girl discussions. After all, it was awfully hard to talk to a man twice her size and status.

Said man appeared to be absent though.

Sunhild huffed in frustration as she came to a stop, once again outside the smithy. It was her third round of the village in its entirety (she had the time for a wild goose-chase, it seemed) and she was wary to do it again. Perhaps the chief was gone for something? That would be inconvenient. How was she to sell silver to manly-men Vikings without the head honcho manly-man to convince them to do it? There were the women, of course, but Viking women were almost as manly as their husbands most of the time so that was pretty much a lost cause. Besides that, she could not just set up shop without Stoick's permission.

Thudding, uneven steps sounded behind her and a heavy hand was placed on her shoulder. She spun around, her bag whipping out with the movement and her woolen dress whirling around her knees. Not that she was frightened at all. Nope—

The man in front of her was hulking, not surprising there. His shoulders were broad, his gut was jiggly and his hand was missing. As was his foot. And one of his teeth. This man was just one big patchwork, wasn't he? She'd never voice that out loud though, not to his face, but it did seem that his luck was very low. She took a few seconds to take in the entire picture in front of her before the man's voice broke through her concentration.

"Never seen you before—" His accent was thick. "What're you doing outside my shop? Or here on Berk, for that matter—"

"I was looking for Stoick the Vast. You've seen him?" Sunhild asked politely or as politely as any Viking-raised child could.

"Nah. He's off on another Nest Hunt. Should be back soon though, if you're willing to wait for him. What are you, a bog burglar?"

"Yes." She replied curtly, sensing the suspicion on his tongue. She

had a weird sort of pride for her home and herself and did not take kindly to slights against either. "And no, I'm not here to steal anything. I'm here to sell."

The large man chuckled, raising his hands in surrender. "Alright, no need to get your undies in a knot." He began to limp away, glancing over his shoulder to ensure the girl was following. "Don't get many bog burglars here to sell things. What ya got?"

Sunhild smiled and dug around inside her bag. She pulled out a set of silver spoons. "I'm a silversmith. I came here to sell some of the things I made. I have much more in my boat if you'd like to lookâ€¦ What is your name?"

"Gobber the Belch, at your service!" Gobber, as he was now dubbed, gave a poor attempt at a sweeping bow. "Just Gobber, if ya don't mind."

Sunhild giggled behind her hand at the man's antics. They stopped short of entering the smithy and she came to the conclusion that this Viking must be the blacksmith. This was good. If she became acquainted with him then maybe he would let her use the smith. He seemed decent enough, if a little blunt. Blunt could be funny though so that was okay.

"Okay, Gobber it is then."

Smoke hovered faintly above the smithy's roof in whispering packs, dampening the sun's light. The light from the fire within cast a glow across Gobber's face enhancing his features in a sort of cryptic fashion. As he stepped across the threshold, he absently drew his good hand along the worn wood. Of all the buildings on Berk, this one seemed to be the oldest. Sunhild was hardly surprised. This island was known for the frequent dragon raids it experienced.

Inside the shop could only be described as organized chaos. Weapons and tools lay in piles along the flat surfaces in the room. Many were broken, as was expected in a Viking village, but there was a small stack of items seemingly just repaired. Sunhild admired the craftsmanship a bit, noting the simple designs along the broad side of a battle axe. Whoever repaired these weapons did so with battle in mind, not beauty. Not that she expected any different, mind you. These people had no time for spoiling themselves with fancy designs.

Gobber tramped over to the craft table, observing the weapons as she had, nodding occasionally. He must not have worked on them. Apprentice maybe? It's the only thing that made sense.

A loud clatter rose from a back room and a boy about her age appeared around a curtain. The make-shift door swung near silently back into place behind him, knocking an axe propped in the doorway over. He barely noticed this, though, because his nose was shoved deeply into what looked like an old leather-bound journal. A pencil tapped rhythmically against his chin as he perfected some creation in his mind.

"Hiccup!" Gobber shouted, wanting his attention. Hiccup was startled, eyes wide and flicking wildly from place to place. His journal snapped closed on reflex and he fumbled desperately with his pencil

only for it to clatter to the floor. He spotted Sunhild as he went to pick it up and straightened before he even got half down. The journal was clutched tightly to his side as his free arm swung nervously at his other.

"Uh Hi- hi! Hey!" Hiccup stuttered in embarrassment. He had just made a fool of himself in front of a stranger, a girl stranger.

Gobber looked amused. "Eye's on me, lad." When Hiccup focused on him sheepishly, the large man continued. "This is?"

"Sunhild." The girl supplied distractedly, lifting a shield and turning it to get a better angle for observation.

"Right, what she said. She's a Bog Burglar lookin' ta sell her silver things. Don't know why she came here, I know I won't be buyin' any." He paused, considering. "no offense."

Sunhild snorted, not even bothering to grace that comment with a witty response.

"Anyway, if ya feel the need to use the smith, you're welcome as long as ya clean up after yourself. Can't have shiny things distractin' my apprentice! Got a horrible attention span as it is!"

Sunhild giggled as an indignant 'Hey' rang through the air. "I'll be sure to remember that."

Gobber nodded in satisfaction. "Good. Now then, Hiccup!" He yelled for the sake of yelling. "Show the girl around, introduce her to the more accommodating villagers. I'm sure your new fans'll be happy to see you."

Hiccup looked as if he was preparing to wipe that smirk right off the bigger man's face.

"Oh I'd love a tour!" Sunhild exclaimed, already heading toward the door. "Come on, Hippo!"

"Hiccup."

Right. "What sort of name is that?"

"It's supposed to scare off trolls." Hiccup mumbled defensively.

Sunhild chortled. "Oh yes, so terrifying! Hiccup! I'm practically quaking!"

"Hur Hur, You're so hilarious. My spleen ruptures as we speak." Hiccup shot back drily. "If anything, it should give me enough time to run for it."

"Yeah, cause that's Vikingly."

Hiccup scoffed. "On what planet am I even close to being Vikingly?" He gestured vaguely at himself, incredulous eyes trained on her as she walked beside him through the village.

Many people began staring, once again, but for entirely different reasons. It appeared that Hiccup was, in fact, pretty famous. Quite a few threw cheerful greetings as they passed, which Hiccup returned awkwardly, even sarcastically at times, as if he were used to using sarcasm.

Sunhild, appreciative of some good sarcasm, decided that Hiccup was pretty cool, in his own way. At least he would be interesting to talk to. Not to mention intelligent, which was a plus on his part.

But none of these realizations helped her currently. She was still down one Stoick and pretty sure that the next person to stop them for no other reason than to say hello would get their head hacked off with one of her shinier spoons. And wouldn't that just be a wonderful sales pitch? 'Buy these spoons! They cut through even the toughest necks! Get your jugular-carving kitchen utensil today!'

"Um Hiccup?" Sunhild started. "I'm not sure I should try selling things without Stoick hereâ€¦"

"Meh, don't worry about it. It's not like you're selling us poison." Hiccup replied. His feet shuffled along the dirt of the path, kicking up rocks and small dust clouds. His journal was tucked securely into an inside pocket of his fur vest.

"Are you sure it's alright?" She questioned again. "I'm not gonna get some crazy chief on my back?"

"Trust me, my dad won't care! Mostlyâ€¦"

Sunhild sucked in a breath sharply and nearly lost her footing. This was Stoick the Vast's son? Pretty scrawny, for a future chief.

"Hey, what's with that face? I look every bit the future Hooligan chief!" Hiccup then flexed, doing all sorts of heroic poses. His face twisted in determination, staring holes into his bicep in hopes that muscles would magically appear. "I do, I swear!" He strained his arm, still pathetically squishy and not at all chief-like. He finally gave up when he started getting stares from the villagers. "Today's kind of an off day for meâ€¦"

Sunhild giggled, hand poised to cover her mouth in an attempt to stifle it. She was a Bog Burglar and no self-respecting women of that tribe had giggle fits (in front of people). Hiccup gave a crooked smile and she noticed how right it looked. Odin knew what this boy's smirk looked like. She idly thought that maybe she'd like to find out for herself one day.

They walked around a while longer with Hiccup pointing out what was what. The Mead Hall was very big and stood at the top of a long flight of stairs that had Sunhild groaning in dismay. "Look at the bright side," Hiccup commented. "You can eat all you want and not get fat."

"And I imagine one's thighs start looking incredible!"

He showed her where he lived, at the very top of a hill. "Good gods, why don't you people have thunder thighs?!" And he showed her down passed the docks where the fish was kept. She took the liberty of showing him the rest of her items on the return trip and he only had

nice things to say. He even offered to buy a set of spoons. At Sunhild's questioning look, Hiccup merely mumbled something about tongue splinters.

Finally, he showed her the kill ring. "This is where we train to fight and kill dragons."

The ring was spacious and deep with a chain-link net of sorts keeping the dragons at bay when they were released for training. There was only one door out, leading to a ramp that brought you back to ground level. Another door, blocked shut by a wooden beam, led to the dragon cages. Sunhild took this in with one sweeping motion of the eyes before turning heel and walking back the other way.

She had never understood why Vikings had to keep dragons that way, locked up and miserable. You either killed them or you left them alone. Keeping them contained until they were needed to train aspiring Vikings was unnecessarily cruel and Sunhild had no desire to see such a place any longer than she needed to.

Hiccup stumbled to catch up to her again and placed himself in her path. Confused green eyes locked with her own and she could not help but think that evergreen suited him greatly.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

Sunhild opened her mouth to answer but paused. This was the son of the most dragon-fighting Viking in the Barbaric Archipelagos. There was no way he could possibly understand her reasoning. He would say something about needing to train that way and then drop the subject with a stubborn nod. He was a Viking, after all.

"It's- It's nothing." She settled. "Let's just head back to the smithy. I'd like to see how you work."

Hiccup stared into her eyes a second longer and sighed, nodding his consent for the distraction. But she knew that it was not over. The curious gleam that remained in Hiccup's eyes said as much.

They returned to the smithy quickly and Hiccup was ordered straight to work by Gobber. It was amusing to see Hiccup throw himself on the bellow that was too large for him to work properly. The clink of a hammer on an anvil served as constant background noise and the fire of the forge made a familiar burn seep into her skin. The atmosphere of the shop was content.

When Gobber wasn't hammering away, Hiccup was. He handled smaller things, often beating nails and hooks into shape. He was in charge of sharpening and rebalancing tools and handling anything too small for Gobber himself. She was informed that Hiccup had made his fair share of weapons, though. When presented with a beautiful dagger of simple design, Sunhild gave Hiccup an impressed look, which brought about a flush of embarrassment to his cheeks. The moment was ruined when he incidentally took the hammer to his right thumb.

When all his work was complete, Hiccup announced his need to be somewhere. With a quick goodbye and a promise to teach her how to shape a sword later, Hiccup was gone and the air was no longer as content as she would have liked. So she bid Gobber her own farewell and made for the docks in order to gather her things. It was then

that she remembered something vitally important.

She had lost her tent. The one thing she was so adamant in not forgetting at home was lost at sea fairly early that morning. Where was she supposed to sleep now? Surely not in the field with the sheep? It would be just perfect if a dragon decided that her blankets made her look like a delicious pile of Sunhild treats.

Sunhild groaned. "I don't want to sleep with sheep!"

"Why would you sleep with sheep?"

"Odin's B-!" Sunhild whipped around, tripping up and landing on her rear-end. Across the dock sat a girl about her age, reddish-brown hair split into three long braids. Her brown eyes sparkled in amusement and curiosity.

"You know," She continued. "I don't think you would be very welcome in their ranks anyway."

Sunhild huffed. "What is that supposed to mean?"

"Wellâ€¦" The girl drew out. "It was supposed to imply that you aren't a sheep." She finished with a smirk.

"And what does that matter?" Sunhild asked in a huff. "I can be a sheep if I want to! And all those little grass-munchers will bow at my feet!" She paused for a moment. "If they could bow, at least."

The girl laughed loudly before patting the wood next to her in the universal sign of sit your butt down. Sunhild complied with a light laugh of her own. Once they were settled, the girl spoke again. "My name is Alvilda. Alvilda the spectacular Hooligan sheep herder."

"Wow, what a grand title you have!" Sunhild gasped in mock awe. "I shudder in your presence, oh Esteemed One!"

Alvilda smirked once again. "That's right, peasant! Shudder I say! Tremble at my name! Alvilda!"

Sunhild shuddered dramatically. "Oh! Tingly! Say it again."

"Alvilda!"

"Ooo!" They fell into a fit of wheezing laughter, leaning on one another for support. Alvilda wiped at a tear forming in her eye and clapped a hand to the other girl's shoulder. "You're pretty funny! I don't usually talk to people that get my humor very well! What's your name?"

"Sunhild." She replied through her giggles.

"Well, Sunhild, You're welcome to stay with me if you like. We have an extra bed. I'm sure the sheep would like you more if you avoided sleeping all over their food."

"I would be so grateful! And I really don't care if they like me, so

long as they don't try to eat me."

"Sheep don't eat people."

"Shows what you know." Alvilda scoffed and rolled her eyes. She stood up and held her hand out for Sunhild to take hold of and hauled her to her feet. She then led the way to the outskirts of the village to a house that sat right beside the sheep fields. It was a decent sized house, newer due to a recent raid, which stood two stories tall. It looked inviting and Sunhild was grateful for small favors once again. It seemed unlikely that someone she just met would offer their home to her, especially if she were obviously a Bog Burglar.

"Welp, Home sweet home and all that." Alvilda kicked the door open which ricocheted off the wall with a loud bang. A frantic swear sounded from farther inside and the clatter of something metal, probably a pan, could be heard. Minutes later, a young Viking woman stomped into the room in a deserved fit of rage.

"What in the name of Hel did I tell you about kicking the door in?!" The woman screeched.

"To not toâ€¦!" Alvilda seemed subdued for all of three seconds before a wide smile stretched across her face. "But I has a friend over so all is forgiven!"

The woman scoffed in such a similar way to Alvilda that Sunhild wasn't surprised that they were related. "So you say!"

"I do say!"

"Well I don't!"

"Excuse me, bu-" Sunhild attempted to interrupt but was ignored for the sake of pointless argument. So she took this time to observe both girls better. They shared the same hair colour and length, though Alvilda was the only one who kept it in three braids. They were also the same height. The only real difference was face shape and clothes. Alvilda had on a loose tunic and baggy trousers with a leather cloak around her shoulders while the other wore a sliming green cotton skirt with a matching shirt.

"Linnae!" Alvilda whined. "Just let her stay!"

"Fine, but she WILL help me around the house!" Linnae turned to Sunhild. "You WILL!"

"Uh, Yes ma'am!" Sunhild turned wide eyes to Alvilda, who could only shrug.

"Right." Linnae said. "I am Linnae the glorious Hooligan house-sister. You're welcome here, as you know, so long as you earn your keep."

Sunhild fidgeted nervously. "I don't have to work with the sheepâ€¦ do I?"

Alvilda pouted.

Linnae gasped. "Why would a force you to endure those smelly little

things! No, you will be helping with my chores."

Sunhild sighed in relief.

"And the first thing to do is the dishes! Hop to it!" And so found Sunhild with a face full of soggy dish scrubber. She barely kept herself from complaining and shot Alvilda a contemptuous look. This favor wasn't looking so favorable anymore.

It turned out the Linnae almost never did the dishes. Sunhild imagined that the kitchen would be spacious if stacks and stacks of plates and the like were not hogging all the counter room. The sink was buried in the stuff and she struggled to see out the little window that would over-look the docks. "It will take me the rest of the day to do this!"

Alvilda took that moment to keep her company. "Well you don't have to finish them all today."

Sunhild gained a startled look. "Why wouldn't I-!"

"Just trust me. Get the ones in the sink done and then you can come outside with me!" Alvilda grinned happily, kicking her feet as she sat on the table. Sunhild was tempted to do all the dishes as slow as possible but it wouldn't due to make her host feel like she didn't like her. Because she did like Alvilda, just not right now. She took another cursory glance of the room. No, definitely not right nowâ€|

She got right to work on the dishes. Many had food particles stuck to the surface with iron grips and she wondered what it was that they could possibly be eating. Did they slaughter their sheep and this was the revenge? Vengeful sheep were the worst sort. How does that work, exactly? She let her imagination run away with her as she pictured Alvilda dressed as a sheep, luring the others into the imposing house where Linnae waiting patiently with a cryptic smile and a butcher's knifeâ€|

In that very moment, Linnae burst back into the kitchen with a loud shout. "Sunhild, you stop right there!" The iron plate she had been holding clattered to the floor. "The chief has returned and you both will come to the docks with me!" When they only stood (and sat) there in astonishment, Linnae grabbed the nearest pan and a wooden ladle and started beating, as if on a drum. "Come on, move it! Burning daylight here!"

As the two girls rushed out the door, Sunhild turned to Alvilda. "What is WRONG with you people?"

"Want a list?" They sprinted to the docks, wanting to get there quickly, Sunhild for the opportunity to speak with Stoick and Alvilda to get away from her crazy sister. Linnae was several meters behind them and she had stopped banging on the plate. The girls could hear her cackling fade slightly as the bustling at the docks increased in volume. Alvilda informed her that of the three ships that set out, it appeared that only one returned. A failed hunt then.

Stoick was just as big as she remembered but less intimidating. Only slightly, though. He stood with an air of defeat hanging about his shoulders as he spoke to Gobber. Snippets of conversation reached

their ears as they neared and Sunhild could barely make out the comments of the other villagers as she passed Stoick.

"Congratulations-"

"-so relieved."

"No one-â€| nuisance!"

"He's gone?" This was the unmistakable voice of Stoick the Vast. He seemed downtrodden with dread for some reason.

Gobber was quick to reply. "Well, yeah, most afternoons! But who can blame him, I mean the life of a celebrity is very roughâ€|"

Stoick adopted a look of confusion. "Hiccupâ€|?"

"Who'd've thought it? The boy has thisâ€| way, with the beasts." Gobber then spotted Sunhild. "There she is!"

Sunhild waved jerkily at Stoick, who gave her a calculating look. Gobber paid this no mind, opting to continue with an introduction. "This is Sunhild. She's a silversmithâ€|"is what she said, anywayâ€|"and she decided to come sell her stuff here."

"Really now?" Stoick questioned. "Well let's see it then."

"Huh?" Was Sunhild's intelligent reply. "Oh right!" She dug around her bag once again and came up with the very same set of spoons that Hiccup had offered to buy. Thinking of him now, she wondered why he wasn't here to greet his father. She knew that if her father had gone out on a trip like this, she would be one of the first people down at the docks. Of course, it was her mother that was the most likely to actually go on a nest hunt.

"Spoons? Well I suppose that's better than getting tongue splinters all the timeâ€|"Stoick murmured in thought. Before Sunhild could contain it, a snort left her lips. "And what's so funny, lass?"

"Oh umâ€| well Hiccup, your son, right! Well Hiccup said the same thing just a little bit ago. Okay it was hours." She rambled for a few minutes more before a hearty laugh cut her off. Gobber was clapping Stoick on the back with strength, Sunhild was sure, would have crippled lesser men. Alvilda was standing off to the side, kicking at rocks and whistling a tune she might have heard the men sing in the Mead Hall. "He's becoming more like you every day, eh?"

For the first time since his arrival, Stoick smiled. His large red beard stretched with the movement and before long, he was laughing right along with the other man. "Sounds like it! Maybe now he'll get a growth spurt!"

Alvilda snorted quietly. "Yeah, that's doubtful."

"Alvilda! You never know! He's fifteen, it could happen!" Sunhild admonished. She then turned back to Stoick. "So I can sell my thingsâ€| right? I mean Hiccup said it would be okay butâ€|"

"Yes, but Hiccup gets into trouble a lot so it's best to question his judgment often." Alvilda commented.

"I thought I did." Sunhild replied.

Stoick thought on the request for a moment. "I guess it's alright, don't see much harm in silver. Not like its poison."

Sunhild managed to keep herself in check this time.

"YES! CALLED IT!" Alvilda shouted, throwing a fist into the air.

Sunhild gave her a funny look and replied. "No you didn't."

"Did so! In my head!" The girl huffed and nodded stubbornly. Sunhild noticed Linnae over Alvilda's shoulder, gesturing wildly for them to hurry up so she could go home. She quickly thanked Stoick for his time and grabbed Alvilda's arm to drag her away. When they were back at Linnae's side, she spoke. "Now then, let's go home. You," She pointed at Sunhild. "â€|still have dishes to do."

Alvilda snickered.

"And you have sheep to herd!"

"Nooooo!"

Sunhild counted her first day in Berk an overall success.

****The interaction between Linnae and Alvilda is almost exactly how my sister and I act. It's ridiculous.****

****Silver Smithing*- Not exactly sure this is what the job would really be called.****

2. Chapter 2

****I find this chapter just a little lacking so I sowwy M'Lady! (Since you are a Lady now :3). To be fair (or to make excuses) I have been sick. I hope Hiccup is portrayed decently to your liking. (If not then I'm fine with polygomy! *Brow wiggle* Oh my god I just kidding!)**

The next day Sunhild woke to the sound of war. Well, what she assumed war would sound like. Metal clashed and rang with something not quite metal. What seemed to be furniture was being over-turned and the piercing cry of an enraged banshee filled the air. Sunhild was quick to through her blankets away and hop out of bed. Wielding her pillow, she raced for the door. She did not know whether she should laugh or be enraged herself at the sight she saw.

Furniture was thrown and broken, little metal objects rolled around with no intended destination and, in the middle of all the mess, Alvilda was steadily beating Linnae over the head with her own pillow. Each smack punctuated her words. "Don't. Wake. Me.
UP!"

Linnae was taking the beating pretty well, considering. She was

seated on the floor with her arms protecting her head. "It needed to be done! You have sheep to herd!"

"The SHEEP aren't even awake right now!" Alvilda yelled. She was ready to bring the pillow down for another round before she spotted Sunhild. "Oh! You're awake!" She turned to Linnae with a wide grin. "She's awake!"

"Obviouslyâ€|" Linnae muttered a little too loudly. Alvilda paid no attention to this, only moving closer to Sunhild.

"What was that all about, exactly?" Sunhild questioned warily. She subconsciously raised her pillow, ready for the most dangerous pillow fight she'd probably ever be in.

Alvilda laughed happily. "Well, my sister, being stupid, decided to wake me up. I took action."

"By destroying your house?"

"Yep!"

Sunhild pinched the bridge of her nose tiredly. "What is _wrong_ with you people? Seriously!"

Alvilda smirked but did not answer. Instead, she pulled Sunhild along with her as she made her exit, ignoring her sister's calls to 'get back here and right this table!' She tugged the other girl all the way to the middle of the sheep fields where most of the fluffy lot was grazing. Many beady eyes looked their way before going back to their meals but Sunhild had the awful impression that they were planning her demise. She HATED sheep. Loathed them, even.

Alvilda started pointing out her favorites, if you could believe. "Well that one over there is the luckiest, so I just call him Lucky, and then that one is the oldest but she doesn't have a name. She's just old. AND, and that one, right there, likes to eat peoples shoes! I call him Chomper."

"And what is his preference for human flesh?" Sunhild questioned suspiciously.

Alvilda snorted. "They don't have a preference."

Sunhild gasped, horrified. "So they just eat it any way!?"

"NO!" Alvilda back-tracked. "They don't eat people! Ever!"

"Then why do they bite me? This one time, a sheep bit me so hard that it drew blood! I know it told it's stupid friends how good I tasted because after that, they all just bit me EVERY TIME I went near them!"

"Well," Alvilda started. "Maybe they just didn't like youâ€|"

Sunhild huffed angrily. "Well either way, I'm not going to stand here in the hopes that they WON'T bite me. I'll be at the smithy if you need anything that has nothing to do with the monsters." With one last glare at Lucky, she left.

"Well she's not very nice, is she Chomper?" Alvilda only got a soft bleat in reply.

The smithy was once again alight with the forges fire when she stepped in, telling her of its use. Gobber was hammering away at a broken broad sword, occasionally wiping the sweat from his forehead as time passed. Hiccup was not there but when Sunhild posed a silent question to the man, he gestured to the back room with an unsure look on his face. It clearly said "Maybe he's in there?"

He wasn't, but his things were. Piles and piles of pictures littered the slanted desk, held down by a Viking helmet. She hadn't figured him the type to have one, what with his less than Viking stature. She curiously scanned the pictures.

Many were designs, plans for weapons she could have never thought of. Others, however, were of dragons. She saw a Gronkle and a Zippleback but most of them were of a dragon she had never seen before. She leaned in for a closer look. It was a bit like a salamander in the head with a long wingspan and fins on the base and tip of its tail.

"Hey!" A loud call from the door had her jumping back and Hiccup scrambled quickly to gather the drawings, his back to her. His movements seemed panicked, though she could hardly tell why. They were just pictures.

"Sorryâ€¦" She mumbled. In all his flailing, Hiccup had knocked the helmet to the floor so Sunhild stooped to pick it up. She held it out tentatively. "Where'd the hat come from?"

Hiccup was startled by this line of questioning but took it gratefully. "Well, uh, m-my dad came and, ya know, conversations with my dad usually aren't very pleasant. But it was okay, I guessâ€¦ gave me the breast hat and sat there awkwardly for a while-"

"Wait!" Sunhild snickered. "Breast hatâ€¦?"

Hiccup blushed a deep red. "Hah! Di-did I say that? I really meant battle hat! L-like for battleâ€¦ and stuff."

Sunhild hummed, observing the hat from all angles. "Yeah, I could see it fitting some of the women in my tribe. Most definitely Berthaâ€¦"

"EW! Oh eck!" Hiccup cried, snatching the hat from her hands. "I have to wear this! Oh manâ€¦" He shuddered with a look of disgust. "That is just- gods!"

The silversmith laughed loudly as Hiccup turned a little green. She snatched the hat back and ran, intending to inform Alvilda and quite possibly everyone else. Hiccup, knowing her intention, chased after her with desperate calls. Gobber watched as the boy tripped over everything to get to the girl, who was running about with the helmet held high above her head in jest.

She reached the door and burst into the morning air with a triumphant laugh, Hiccup at her heels. He sure could run for someone so scrawny. He would gain and then trip, giving her a few yards. Once or twice he

almost caught her by her shirt but she would twist away and he would fall. He was never down long enough though. He was obviously very stubborn.

She could see the sheep field ahead, where Alvilda was sat on a large boulder over-looking the sheep. Hiccup was once again right behind her, panting and cursing under his breath. In one last effort, he tackled her to the ground. She held tightly to the hat as he scrambled to get a hold of it. When he had the rim in both hands he tugged. Sunhild lifted slightly off the ground with the movement, laughing hysterically as Hiccup struggle to get his hat back. Finally, he gave up, slumping back onto his knees. "Wow. I really need to run more!" He said between puffs. "Heh!"

Sunhild giggled before setting the hat on his head. Right then, a large stick clanged against the metal of it. They both jumped, Hiccup at the ringing in his ears and Sunhild at the suddenness of it all. She looked up, startled, to see Linnae standing there, stick ready in her hands. Alvilda stood behind her, attempting to hide her laughs with a coughing fit. "What do you think you're doing, boy? Tackling unsuspecting girls like that! You should be ashamed!" And she smacked his helmet again, garnering a small yelp from him.

"Wait! Linnae, we were just goofing off!" Sunhild grabbed for her attention. "I stole his breast hat."

"Breast hat?" Alvilda squeaked, choking. She could no longer contain her amusement.

"Battle hat!" Hiccup hollered in dismay, arms up in a pathetic attempt to shield his head.

"Hah! Likely story!" Linnae waved the stick right under Hiccups nose threateningly. "I'm watching you!"

"I-I'm sure, ma'am!" Hiccup stuttered out. With one last eye twitch, Linnae muttered about teenage boy's as she stomped up to the house. Alvilda took up her position, hovering and staring intently into Hiccups eyes. He was unnerved so he fidgeted quietly. He was unable to break eye contact and the girl just kept getting closer until their noses almost touched. Finally she sat back and promptly kicked him in the thigh. He yelped loudly and rubbed the sore spot, hoping it wouldn't bruise.

"Alvilda! What was that for?" Sunhild questioned.

Alvilda shrugged. "He really shouldn't have tackled you. Makes for compromising situations!"

Sunhild paled and punched the girls arm. "Alvilda!"

Hiccup shot looks between the girls, confused. "What?"

"Nothing!" The Silversmith exclaimed, moving to stand.

"Yeah!" The sheep herder broke in. "Don't you have a tournament to prepare for?"

Hiccup's eyes went impossibly wide and he cursed, standing fast. He bid goodbye to both girls as he went, running with his hand holding

the hat in place. Sunhild was a little disappointed but also curious. What tournament was he supposed to prepare for? Is this why he was so famous among the rest of his peers? "What tournament?"

Alvilda scoffed. "What tournament, she says! You've been here for a whole day and you still don't know? You need to socialize more!"

Sunhild was a little offended. "I socialize!"

"Yeah, with Hiccup, who is the least likely to tell you anything about anything." The brunette sighed. "It's the Dragon Training tournament. Today, Hiccup and Astrid are competing to see who gets to kill a Nightmare tomorrow." Alvilda jumped excitedly. "I bet it's Hiccup! He's the best at it, after all! He sometimes doesn't even touch them! It is so cool!"

Sunhild blanched. She supposed she should have seen it coming. He was the Chief's son and a Viking. Of course he would be put into Dragon Training. Of course he was expected to kill one eventually, especially here, where dragon raids were common.

But that didn't mean she had to like the idea.

"So Hiccup is going against this Astrid girl to see who 'get's' to kill a Nightmare?" Sunhild questioned further.

Alvilda groaned in exasperation, most likely at the other girl's inability to listen properly. "Yes! Killing your first dragon is very honorable here! Did they not do this with the Bog Burglars?"

"No, they didn't."

"Oh! Well you're welcome to come and watch. If not for some dragon butt-kicking then at least come to cheer Hiccup on. Astrid is pretty violent and I wouldn't be surprised if he threw the tourney just to avoid her." The sheep herder gently placed her hand on the others arm, pulling her towards the house. "Let's eat something before we go!"

Sunhild laughed, though she really didn't feel like laughing, and followed Alvilda up the small slope to her house. Linnae was waiting by the door with a stern look. "Sunhild, you can't allow boys to trample all over you! They start thinking they're superior and where does that get you? Cooking and cleaning! Where is the action in that?"

Alvilda snickered. "Linnae! that's all you ever do!"

Linnae adopted a wounded expression. "I'm hurt, sister." She thumped her chest a few times. "Right here!"

"Your boobs?"

"My heart!"

"Didn't know you had one."

There was a small pause before Linnae spoke again. "Allow me to go curl up in a corner and die." She walked away then, a put-upon look

plastered across her face. Alvilda followed with a pout, still tugging on Sunhild's sleeve, forcing the girl to follow as well.

Brunch, as they called it, was filled with nothing but loud shouts and a mini food war (which the silversmith was not happy to be caught in the middle of.) In the end, they all had to wash up before they could go to the tournament.

Sunhild examined her deep red dress for any lasting damage and frowned at a spot of grease she found over the stomach. That would take ages to get out now that it set in. This was her favorite dress too! If her mother saw it, there would be Hel to pay. She trembled slightly at the thought. Loki could look like a kitten compared to that woman sometimes.

Alvilda had offered her some clothes, even though Sunhild had brought her own spares. So she was currently wearing a dark brown dress that she was sure clashed badly with her black fur vest and boots. It was a little snug, because Alvilda was shorter, but it would do. At least until she could get her own clothes later.

When they reached the kill ring, shouts were already filling the air. The whole village was gathered for the decision of the elder, who was standing in her place beside Stoick. From the sound of it, Sunhild guessed that they had already set the dragon loose. She sprinted to the crowd's edge and shoved wildly through the many Vikings. In the ring, she saw Hiccup with his hat leaned against one of the obstacles, axe clutch tightly to his chest. For all the boasting these people did about this tournament, the boy looked like it was the last place he wanted to be.

Another Viking, a girl, came to a stop beside him. She shoved him and spoke quiet words that Sunhild couldn't make out but Hiccup looked almost as terrified as he did relieved. This girl must be Astrid. She heard Hiccup's reply of "By all means!" as Astrid rolled away. This girl seemed to have a thing for rolling around.

Sunhild was so intent on examining Astrid that she failed to notice when the Gronkle the two were fighting barrel his way to Hiccup's side. So when Astrid left her hiding place to attack the dragon, she was just as surprised to see the beast on its side as Astrid was. Of course, Astrid was the only one to start swinging her axe about in a fit of rage. Hiccup, for his part, appeared to be making excuses to leave.

"Yeah, I'm kind of late for-" He was cut off as the tip of an axe wielded by a deranged girl found his neck.

"What? Late for what, exactly?!" She yelled. Sunhild was briefly afraid for her friends life but Gobber intervened by standing in between the two. He raised his hook over Astrid's head, giving the elder a questioning look. At a small shake to the negative, he lowered it and hesitantly raised his good hand to point at Hiccup. At the elders nod, a loud cheer rang through the crowds. Alvilda was by her side, whooping and hollering about how she knew it all along. But all Sunhild could do was stare at Hiccup.

He had flinched. He had flinched when the elder announced the victor. His face had pinched with a half-smile that was so fake. When he was

placed on a boy's shoulder and carried from the arena, his excitement was obviously forced. She did not know if she had imagined it, but she got the feeling that killing a dragon was the last thing Hiccup wanted to do.

When the crowd dispersed to celebrate, Sunhild ran to catch up with Hiccup, who was struggling to lose the party of teenagers asking him questions. The large one that had carried him was shooting off question at a mile a minute, almost overwhelming himself. Another boy with black hair was going on and on about how cool that was. A set of twins were arguing amongst themselves, shoving and yelling and trying to get Hiccups attention. The only teen absent was Astrid. Well, and Alvilda, but she was off to find her sister.

"Hiccup!" Sunhild called. He turned to face her, maybe a little surprised that she had come. He still remembered her reluctance to go anywhere near the kill ring for very long. Seeing her race to meet him, Hiccup knew that she had watched his performance. She was worried about something, at least. She spotted in front of him to catch her breath as the other teens looked on, not yet knowing who the random girl was.

When she composed herself, she finally asked. "Why didn't you tell me you were in Dragon Training?"

Hiccup ran a hand through his hair and blew a puff of air. "It never really came up in conversationâ€¦"

"What?" Sunhild was angry now. "We talked about it just yesterday!"

Hiccup's eyes widened a little. "W-well I didn't think it was all that important!"

Sunhild paused. Maybe it wasn't all that important to Hiccup. It was pretty important to her, yes, but she hadn't really told him about her dislike for such things. So she took a deep breath to calm down and think clearly. "You're right. It'sâ€¦ I guess it wasn't that important. Sorry, for yelling."

Hiccup smiled shyly and Sunhild turned to leave before he lightly grabbed her arm. "Hey, I'm sorry for not telling you."

"No, don't be! I over-reacted." Sunhild jumped to reassure him. She suddenly remembered the audience they had and patted his hand, which was still wrapped around her arm. He looked around, also remembered they weren't alone and blushed. He quickly let her go and sent an awkward salute their way. He then muttered a goodbye to Sunhild and made his escape. Alvilda appeared at her side as he left.

"You know, if I didn't know any better, I'd say he totally likes you! But He's in like, major love with Astrid soâ€¦" Sunhild shot her an annoyed look. "Alright, no speaky about the crushy!"

"Alvilda! That's not funny!" Sunhild yelled, giving frantic looks to the other teens.

"Well it's obvious you like him a little!" Alvilda whispered back, knowing that letting strangers in on it would make Sunhild pretty angry.

"Like him as a friend!" At a skeptical look from the other girl, she blushed. "I barely know him!"

"Yeah, but you totally find him adorable. I see it on your face!"

"UGH!" Sunhild turned to make her own get-away, stomping her feet in what Alvilda figured was denial rather than actual anger. She was stopped, however, by a line of curious onlookers. She swallowed nervously at the thought that they might have heard the discussion but they didn't let on.

"Who're you?" The boy twin asked rudely, gaining a smack from his sister. Sunhild had a hard time believing it was a reprimand when she turned and said. "What he said!"

"My name is Sunhild. I'm a silversmith." She replied.

"Silversmith?" The black-haired boy jumped in. "What's that?"

Sunhild shot him a disbelieving look, but it was the large boy that answered. "Oh! They mold things out of silver instead of Iron! They usually make small tools and jewelry!"

"Yeah, okay!" The other interrupted. "Sounds cool. So, Sunhild, how about hanging with us?" He gave her a look that made her uneasy. This guy was creepy! Alvilda thought the same because she was quick to intervene.

"No I don't think that's the best idea! Linnae is expecting us so, yeah bye!" As they walked away, Sunhild heard the informative boy speak to the other. "What's wrong with you, Snotlout?"

"Hey, come on! She was hot!" Sunhild blushed again, this time in revulsion, and decided that she would put some effort into making herself undesirable in front of this Snotlout character. Not that she really thought herself 'hot'. She actually kind of considered herself average. Her hair was a common blond cut to her shoulders and her eyes were blue. Nothing Astrid didn't have. She stopped when that thought popped into her head. What did she care about her looks compared to Astrid?

Alvilda walked beside with her arms resting behind her head. "Don't listen to that loser, kay? He thinks he's got the whole looks department backing him when, clearly," She glanced over her shoulder briefly. "he doesn't."

Sunhild snorted. "At least he's vikingly."

"Let's face it though; most Vikings aren't swimming in sexiness." Alvilda thought for a moment. "Neither are the women, though, so it's whatever."

Sunhild snorted but left the comment unanswered. Instead, she bid goodbye to the other girl and started on the path to the smithy, hoping to use the forge. Maybe she would see Hiccup there and they could talk more privately. Or maybe he won't be there and she can take that time to think? She had a lot to think about.

He wasn't there, in the front or in his office, but Sunhild left his work place alone this time. Gobber was absent as well, which made her feel a little bad about using the forge but he had said anytime and that meant when he was gone as well right?

She didn't spend too long worrying about it. She got straight to work on lighting the forges fire and familiarizing herself with the lay of the shop for future reference. She then began searching around her bag for any loose silver to work with. She did have some blocks of silver back at the house with her stuff but she didn't want to waste any of the precious metal on something as unimportant as she had planned.

After she found a sufficient amount (note: a small pile of broken or otherwise unusable items), she began the process of melting them down. It was slow-going and calming, allowing her to place her thoughts in well order.

Her first thoughts were on Hiccup. More specifically on what Hiccup was going to have to do tomorrow. She did not know whether she was more worried or sad because of Hiccup. As it was, she settled for a little of both. Her worry was, of course, for his well being but she would be lying if she said her sadness was for the same. Her sadness was for the actions he would need to take.

She was sad because she knew that, either way, someone or something was going to die tomorrow. All because these Vikings felt it necessary.

Then reared the delicate question: What, exactly, were her feelings towards Hiccup? She liked him, sure but did she like him that way? He was cute. She would be blind not to see that much. He was clumsy and awkward but with tons and tons of sass and a sense of slowly building confidence that she wasn't sure she knew what caused it. It was attractive, in its own way, and she was slowly convincing herself that maybe she did have a small crush on him.

It certainly fit the bill of her emotions.

Finished melting the silver, she produced the mold of a small dagger. She had never made a weapon of silver before and she assumed that if she was going to stay for very long on this island then she was going to need a way to protect herself. This was her only affordable option. She just hoped the weapon came out right.

Once molding the blade was done, she became aware that she did not even know where to begin shaping it. She sighed as she realized she would have to rely on recent memory for guidance. Watching Hiccup and Gobber work did have its advantages.

She was just getting ready to bring the hammer down on her work when Hiccup stumbled in, looking around nervously. When he spotted her, his eyes widened and he began fiddling with the strap of some sort of pack. "Oh Sunhild!" He exclaimed. "Whaaat are you doing?"

"Uhâ€¦ That," She began. "is a good question. I believe I might be making a dagger." She finished, eyeing his pack. "And what are _you _doing?"

Hiccup laughed nervously, hitching the pack a little more securely on his shoulder out of habit. "Me? I just have some uh things to pick upâ€¦ for my dad?"

Sunhild was unconvinced. "Uh huhâ€¦ Okay, since you're here, how about a lesson?"

"Huh?"

Sunhild sighed and held up the ugliest beginning to a dagger she'd ever seen. "I don't know what I'm doing. Plus, you still owe me a weapon lesson anyway."

"I didn't agree to this." He stated bluntly.

Sunhild looked affronted. "The Hel you say!"

"I said no such thing."

"What?"

"What what?"

Sunhild glared at his smirking face (which she was right, smirks suited him _well_â€¦) before sticking her tongue out rudely. He raised his brow smugly.

"You did say you would show me how the shape a weapon, you know." She said, shooting him through with an un-amused look.

"I said sword." He pointed out flatly.

Sunhild gawked at him, unused to the word-play card. "But this isâ€¦ this is basically an itty bitty sword so your word still applies! Come help me!"

"It isn't every day that someone manages to loophole my loopholes." Hiccup's face was completely straight, despite the ridiculousness of that statement. He sets his pack down by the threshold of his work space and pulled a stool up beside Sunhild's. "Let's see what you've obviously done wrong."

Sunhild and Hiccup worked for only a few hours to fix the gods awful mess of a dagger. Sunhild (but mostly Hiccup) was able to fix it up to a durable shape and sharpen it until it was usable for defense.

Sunhild came to the conclusion about half way through it all that realizing you have a crush on someone changes a LOT of things. Such as every little touch becomes noticed. Every accidentally brush of the arm, every high five when they were successful, it was pretty draining. Touches were such a hassle.

Then your brain starts romanticizing every little event between the two of you. She didn't feel like going into detail on that thought.

So when Hiccup declared that he really should be going and wished her luck in her failure (gee, thanks Hiccup. You're a really palâ€¦) she was just as relieved as she was disappointed. She contented herself

with the fact that she would see him tomorrow. Or she tried to, but it was hard to content yourself with thoughts of your crushes unfortunate but likely demise.

That's another thing that changed. They weren't your friends anymore. They were your crushes.

To avoid any more depressing thoughts, Sunhild packed up and set out to find Alvilda and Linnae, hopefully in the same place. Things were always interesting that way.

A lot of the dialog is from my daily life, believe it or not. We ooze random humor. And yes, I have beaten my sister over the head with a pillow for waking me up once and she did sit there and take it so at least THAT isn't an unbelievable experience.

End
file.